

CHAPTER 1

What kind of guy would do this?

“...he was covering himself, that’s why. Because he’d just left the poor son of a bitch there alongside the road, abandoned him, and because he’d been glad of it, relieved to buy him off with his twenty dollars’ blood money” (13).

CHAPTER 2

Low self-esteem issues?

“...come and get me ...that’s all I am—a worn-out carcass, a walking slab of meat” (16).

“And who cared how ugly he was as long as he could work?” (24)

“What was she saying—that he was useless, impotent, and old man...” (25).

CHAPTER 3

Yikes!!!

“And then he got to his feet, murmured, ‘Well, I’ve got to be going,’ and strode off into the darkness fingering the sorry lump of flesh in his jacket pocket. He made a mental note to put it in the freezer when he got home. It would begin to stink before long.” (47)

CHAPTER 4

I think they need a sexual harassment seminar...

“They were starving, and she was fresh meat” (59).

“...they jerked the clothes from her as if they were skinning a rabbit. Cândido cried out, and they clubbed him; she screamed, and they laughed” (59).

CHAPTER 5

Time to examine priorities...

“All this over a dog? It was ridiculous, she knew it. There were people out there going through dumpsters for a scrap to eat, people lined up on the streets begging for work, people who’d lost their homes, their children, their spouses, people with real problems, real grief. What was wrong with her?” (74)

Was he raised by wolves?

“The coyotes sing... What more could I want? All the world knows I am content.” (79)

CHAPTER 6

He said what to her?

“You’re no better than your sister, no better than a whore”
(80).

He did what to her?

And when the fat man laid his hand casually across her thigh, even before he cheated her of the extra two hours and pushed her rudely from the car, she wanted to fling it away from her, hack it off with a machete and bury it in some bruja’s yard...” (97).

CHAPTER 7

Anger management problems?

“His impulse was to intercede, to put an end to it, and yet in some perverse way he wanted to see this dark alien little man crushed and obliterated, out of his life forever” (105).

CHAPTER 8

He definitely does not like redheads!

“It was like being haunted by devils, red-haired devils and rubios in eighty-dollar running shoes and sunglasses that cost more than a laboring man could make in a week. ...first the big jerk with the Elvis hair and then the pelirrojo who’d run him down in the road... and his gangling tall awkward pendejo of a son who’d hiked all the way down into the canyon to violate a poor man’s few pitiful possessions” (121).

Oh no...

“‘Married woman,’ he whispered, leaning close. ‘You better call your husband.’” (142)